

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPEACE.)

No. 3]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1845.

[Vol. 1, 1845.



TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

## TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

Tynemouth Priory, in ancient days, was a place of great local sanctity—kings and priests, and other eminent persons were buried there, and miracles, of course, contributed to its celebrity. Oswald, the first king of Northumberland, has the credit of being its founder. At the beginning of the eighth century, St. Heribald, the friend and companion of Sir John of Beverley, was abbot. The Danes, in one of their marauding excursions, plundered it soon after, and this was repeated in the following century, when the forces under Hunguar and Hubba overran the country. The success of their excursions were so great, and the risk of attending them so small, that the invaders were never weary of such profitable adventures; and, in the time of Athelstan, we find the same intruders engaged in the same sacrilegious work again. Brand says—"During the reign of Athelstan, the monastery of Tynemouth, then hardly recovered from No. 1249.]

its former desolation, was again ravaged by the Danes. It is no wonder that, after having been so often plundered and destroyed, this place should have been so long in ruins that the remembrance of King Oswin, the sainted patron thereof, was utterly lost. After some respite from the invasions of the Danish pirates, to whom its exposed situation on the sea coast rendered it an easy and defenceless prey, and who, by their repeated depredations, appear to have left nothing that could induce them to return, the then bishop of the diocese obtained it of the earls of Northumberland, and after filling it anew with religious, restored therein the celebration of divine service. It was not, however, till the latter end of the reign of Edward the Confessor that the bones of the royal martyr were discovered. At this period the royal saint and martyr, Oswin, in one of those dreams common to the times, is said to have appeared to Edmund, the sexton of this place, and pointed out to him

c

[VOL. XLV.

the place of his own interment. Judith, wife of Tostig, Earl of Northumberland, gave credit to the sexton's vision, and ceased not to exert her influence with Egelwine, then Bishop of Durham, till he had ordered a search to be made for the royal bones, which are said to have been discovered in an oratory, according to the saint's directions in this vision, on the 5th of the ides of March, 1065, 415 years after his death. The royal remains, after being enclosed in a coffin, with every kind of funereal pomp, were recommitment to the sacred earth. Earl Tostig, according to some writers, rebuilt this monastery from the foundation.

On the banishment of Tostig, the Conqueror gave his possessions to Robert de Mowbray, who thus became earl. He re-founded Tynemouth Priory, and filled it with Black Monks from St. Alban's, to which abbey the Priory was subordinate. In his conspiracy against William Rufus he converted the place into a fortress, which, after a siege of two months, was taken by storm. The Priory from that time recovered and increased in consequence. In 1244 the Prior negotiated a peace between England and Scotland, and soon after obtained a charter from Henry III. to hold a market on his manor of Bewick. He also claimed one for Tynemouth, but in a suit on that account, judgment was given against him. Many privileges and immunities were however obtained for the inhabitants. At the surrender of the Priory, in 1539, its possessions were very large, comprehending twenty-seven villas, with their royalties, besides the appropriations of many churches, its annual income being estimated at 706*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* The chief remains were standing on those of the church, at the east end of which is a neat little chapel, or oratory. Till the year 1659 the church was parochial, but being decayed and damaged during the Civil War, another was erected in 1668, but the ancient building is still much used.

### REFINEMENT.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

The prevalent acceptance of the term refinement is somewhat vague as well as arbitrary, and different ideas will therefore necessarily arise in different minds, wherever it is mentioned to a mixed assemblage. The term, taste, refers to something definite, implying whatever is intrinsically excellent or beautiful, or else whatever is agreeable to our own perception. But refinement, professing to be restricted to the former, without any reference to the latter, includes certain qualities or distinctions of taste, which as taste itself is not positively

fixed, and therefore directly cognizable, it becomes difficult to treat with that precision which other subjects will allow. Though all understand what is meant by a refined taste, yet it has a comprehensive as well as a somewhat ambiguous meaning when applied either objectively or subjectively, so that in entering at large upon the consideration of the distinctive properties of a refined mind, we may be diffident and suspicious of ourselves lest we affix a stigma to imaginary faults, or fail to exhibit any of its essential attributes or accompaniments. There is, however, a certain standard by which refinement of mind and manner may be accurately ascertained. Truth is truth, despite of any and of every conception of error; and the judgment, whose province it is to decide on the relations and resemblances of truth, must either think in conformity or opposition to its directions. Nature is invariably in and of itself perfect; art is equally universally imperfect. It is the little aspiring to the great—the finite to the infinite. There are, however, different degrees alike of perfection, and of imperfection. It is the province of taste to decide as to these relations; of a refined taste to find and to cherish preferences in strict accordance with truth.

This phrase, though of universal application, like taste, which it qualifies, is mostly restricted to manners and customs, and to mind or character as either dictating them, and influenced by them. Thus we speak of nations refined by civilisation, and of the manners of high and well-bred society as distinguished from the lower classes. And as manners are much regulated by the arts and accomplishments, which often communicate a suavity and elegance to social character and domestic habits, otherwise unknown, it is constantly used to designate excellence and superiority in their science and cultivation. But though less frequently used to denote elegance and beauty of style, or sentiment, in writing, it is both in itself from its associations allowable in this application. We shall not, however, consider at present the qualifications or *criteria* of refinement, or the aids to its development in this latter sense, but confine our remarks to that power of mind, and to those social traits and habits in the sense in which it is most frequently employed.

Refinement is frequently synonymous with taste itself, as the existence and vitality of taste in regard to objects or subjects of intrinsic excellence proves the presence of refinement, as characters or minds not thus refined are justly described as destitute of taste. It is thus to be regarded as the nerve of the mind, which will be more or less susceptible and powerful according to its native strength, or the ex-

pense bestowed upon its cultivation. Admitting the reality of the principle and character, it does not therefore follow, although the standard of taste is something definite, and not imaginary, that it is perfect, or that it may never be perverted. There may be, there often is, refinement in acts or habits of immorality, refined cruelty, injustice, and fraud, and refinement under the guise of hypocrisy in religion. Falsehood, folly, and vice are thus often fatally recommended either to the imitation or approval of characters morally superficial and unstable.

If we trace the term to its derivation, we shall learn what we must otherwise perceive, that it is owing to mental discipline, habits of feeling, which, like the ore, has by fusion been polished and refined, so that from the bowels of the black earth whence it has been taken, it not only becomes, but also adorns polished society. The mind must pass through a process of refinement to be refined. True, it is also dependent on natural conformation, but nature alone is insufficient, being here, perhaps, more dependent upon art, than art is upon nature. It is connected with the general character, influenced by the associations of education, by the spirit and habits of the locality and the society in which it has moved, by various external causes, as well as the moral and religious principles it has imbibed. And as refinement of mind is thus formed and strengthened, it also assists in its turn to influence the general character, and to give the colour and tone to the mind. We may not always be able to account for its partialities or its distaste; but real refinement can never be the result of either capricious fancies, or the cravings or loathings of a diseased or sated appetite. Though often thought to be but fastidiousness, it is owing to the ignorance or the absence of taste of the person who would thus designate it, and deny its existence. To its pains and pleasures, the opposite character must remain a stranger, as much as the unpractised ear to the harmony or discord of the vibration of a string in a musical instrument; and the higher the degree of refinement, and the lower the degree of vulgarity, the greater the insensibility on the one hand, and the more easily is the least approximation to the latter detected. Bad taste is not only thus often tolerated, but admired, whilst the most perfect model is regarded with indifference or contempt. In defining this quality of mind and feature of action we shall discover the following constituents are requisite to its existence and manifestation—these are, simplicity, artlessness, elegance, suavity, suitability or tact, gentleness, and dignity. All these enter into both the act and the manner of every truly-refined character. In

dress it is the due medium between the sterner and the fop; in conversation or action, between the recluse and the forward, the assuming and the eringing; in manners, between coarseness and affectation; and in style, between the meagre and the redundant, the simple and the eloquent, seeking the elegant rather than the forcible. It cannot be exclusively claimed by any station or class, its motto being what itself exemplifies—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part,—there all the honour lies."

Each move of the body—each rise and cadence of the voice, at once soft and sweet, as well as the general expression of the countenance, tell you in a moment, if you are in the least refined, that you are in the presence of refinement. You feel awed and charmed; and should beauty be combined, and gracefully turn its head and neck, and give you but one arch, malicious, but smiling, captivating glance, you are riveted to the spot as holy ground, and everything within and without is the garden and palace of enchantment.

But intellectual and moral qualifications are necessary to give birth to refinement in its purest, most perfect, and fascinating forms; not that intellectual attainments always conduce to this end; though they are necessary, knowledge may here be barren, and the will and affections closed against her invitations and directions. But nearly every writer, from the Latin authors downwards, has dwelt in words of commendation on the kindly influence which the study and cultivation of certain spheres of knowledge, and the fine arts, ever have on the mind and manners. Science must here be distinguished from literature, which in all its branches is favourable to the culture and growth of refinement, though in some far more than others. They unite us not only with intellect and genius, but give the most refined sentiments, and set before us the most refined characters that ever lived, and thus detach us from sense, debasing cares and sordid interests, and open and invite to our embrace models of thought, which, reduced to practice, and moulded into experience, may make us models of refinement. But early example and skilful training may have greater sway than the highest intellectual gifts or graces, as instanced in many of our most celebrated literati. Though elevated by their talents to an equal rank and familiar association with nobility, they have not been able or willing to renounce habits of association or predilections which they had acquired in early life. The biographer of Matthew Prior, who must certainly have both lived and died an old bachelor, has the following observation of this celebrated poet, which,

as they might prove interesting to readers of both sexes, we record at length:—"Mr. Prior is represented, by contemporary writers, as a gentleman who united the elegance and politeness of a court with the scholar and the man of genius. This representation, in general, may be just, yet it is frequently true, that they, who have risen from low life, still retain some traces of their original. There was one particular in which Mr. Prior verified the old proverb: 'the same woman who could charm the waiter in a tavern, still maintained her dominion over the minister in France.' The Chloe of Prior, it seems, was a woman in his station of life, but he never forsook her in the height of his promotions. Hence we may suppose that associations with women are the most lasting of all; and that, when an eminent station or fame raises a man above all other acts of condescension, a woman will maintain her influence, charm away the pride of greatness, and make the hero who fights, and the patriot who speaks for the liberty of his country, a slave to her. One would imagine, however, that this woman, who is said to have been a butcher's wife, must either have been very handsome, or have had something about her superior to people of her rank; but it seems the case was otherwise; and no better reason can be given for his attachment to her but that she was to his taste."

But if intellectual taste and acquirements are essential to give superior delicacy to the mind and refinement to the manners, moral and religious habits and dispositions are far more so; and though there may be often considerable refinement without them, and but little refinement with those who possess them, it is certain, if our definition of refinement be allowed, that there constraint and hypocrisy can alone supply their place. The asperities of temper are thus softened, the smile beautifies the countenance, benevolence becomes powerful as well as quick-sighted and ingenious to charm, the grand truths of revelation give an independence and a dignity which station and fame cannot equal. The rules of politeness, as Mrs. Hannah More observes, "are nothing but the acting out in the common affairs and ordinary daily intercourse of life the great moral rule of doing unto others as we should wish to be done by." No good breeding is correct which is not grounded upon this principle. A sound and healthy morality recognises the different relations of life, and learns to demean itself in accordance with those dictates of prudence and firmness—forbearance, candour, and gentleness, condescension to inferiors, and respectfulness to superiors, and universal good-will and tenderness, without which refinement

must degenerate into mere ceremonies and civilities. If philosophy must pay tribute at the shrine of Christianity, society must here own herself far more indebted. Mohammedanism itself now offers a striking illustration of this in the new forms of civilisation Christianity is indirectly now promoting over the domain where the crescent waves her lurid banner. That "St. Paul was a perfect gentleman" has been repeated by more than one, distinguished both for intellectual polish and refined manners; and the same is yet more forcibly taught us in the remark of an old nervous writer, who declares that every man is either a saint or a brute.

We have seen more refinement in the cottage than the mansion. It is true there has been homeliness, but homeliness, is not vulgarity; on the contrary, it is, when in keeping, true refinement, more commendable, if not more admirable, than that found in the elegant drawing-room. There has been all the reality though few, if any, of the forms of good breeding. Dean Swift, so far from finding occasion for censure, as he did in one of his memorable visits, would here be filled with gratification. There is no discomposure or bustle, no false apologies, though had we entered another house, and found them at their frugal repast, we might have been burdened with them, and find none of the good taste and feeling we admire in the former. Though their manners are not polished, yet they are not rude, coarse, or vulgar; but decent, becoming their station; and we style this, not vulgarity, but refinement, the refinement of homeliness, formed and fostered by good sense and piety. Many persons are deceived as to the qualities of refinement, and err in their judgments of actions and of characters. The laws of fashion are not always the laws of refinement. Many decide on a false scale, giving too great prominence to the little, and too little to the great, or converting the accidental and occasional into the constituent elements of character. Nature, not arbitrary prescription, is the best standard. The boundary lines between this grace and its opposite are not so easily marked as might be imagined. Aristocratic usage or patronage may reject much that is here true and beautiful. Even the precincts of royalty are not to be regarded as sacred ground, inclosing a perfect model. There is reason to believe that etiquette, which differs in different countries, not to mention countries, and which is ever varying, is a foe rather than a friend to true politeness, which never varies, is the same here and everywhere. We smile at the Chinese, but, probably, our distinguished grand-children will regard us in this particular much in the same light. Superior intelligences are here,

doubtless, as far superior to us as in every other qualification; the distance betwixt them and the most highly-refined of human mould, being far greater than that existing between the latter and the rudest specimens of human nature, where we find all that is little, low, mean, and vulgar. And this thought, with a multitude more that might be added, should teach the refined forbearance. Though virtue leads to refinement, refinement is not virtue, neither are vice and vulgarity conatives. Nor is refinement wisdom or greatness. Unless sustained by other and higher qualifications, it is less beautiful and useful than the falling flakes of snow; it is but as a small garland of flowers, or as some beautiful but unproductive sheet of water compared with the sea, which proves alike a nation's wealth, ramparts, and glory. Let not rudeness or vulgarity deter the hand of charity from giving relief. Benevolence will not only relieve, it will also refine, and will itself be refined both by the act of goodness, and by the reflex influence which such intercourse will exercise, as it will thus learn to prize and improve its own privileges. If etiquette proves a sort of panoply in promiscuous society, virtuous intentions and self-denying conduct, are far more surely protected, and are often directly, and always eventually recompensed.

Neither rank nor wealth can give refinement; they may aid its cultivation. They are to be regarded as inferior auxiliaries to intellectual attainments. We find the most perfect specimens both of refinement and vulgarity in aristocratic circles. We are, in some instances, overpowered with fascination, in others with disgust. It is no unusual thing to hear of lords and ladies in love with footmen and strumpets. This could not be the case if there were refinement; for there can only be repulsion and collision between refinement and vulgarity. Hence love is generally reciprocal, because it requires common tastes. There may be great diversity, but not in this particular. If we descend to the most respectable portion of the middle classes, we find many of the gentry from whose circumstances we might have expected more refinement, scarcely rising higher above the petty shopkeeper than he does above the caged brute, who, excepting Sundays, never goes five yards beyond his shop, and never has five ideas beyond pounds, shillings, and pence; weighing everybody in the same scale with sugar, tea, and butter.

Refinement, as already stated, is always natural, never forced, never artificial. Affectation always defeats its object. It is the parody of refinement. Whether it be the affectation of fashion, wit, learning, ignorance, beauty, or piety, it is a sure contradiction to the discerning, as it is hypocrisy

and deceit to the indiscriminating. It is opposed to all true delicacy of mind; a mere cloak for, as well as a caricature of, vulgarity; the offspring of vanity and refinement, though it may exist with pride, can never tolerate vanity. How many young ladies have failed to make the conquests to which female ambition aspires, owing to this distemper, which may be truly said to be a greater foe to a fine face than the small-pox. But would a lady ever wish to make conquests, if possessed of this true refinement? No! Despite of Pope, we affirm, that the woman who is as desirous of homage as she is indifferent to him who renders it, cannot be a lady of true refinement; for with the feelings which it inspires, she would never covet nor seek the admiration of but one—the man whom she loves. And oh! the bliss of that love, where the charm of affectionate intercourse is heightened by the grace, and all the rich inventions and embellishments, of refinement. Love itself, both in its first kindling and future progress, is ever found in proportion to its activity, or it is but lust, or a mere figment of a disordered fancy. Hence, young people, if they have any refinement themselves, and at the same time any regard for their happiness, should be taught to discourage the thought of an union (such is the misnomer), which is nothing but discord. To quote the words of a refined authoress: "A woman who has no relish for intellectual entertainments will assort but indifferently with a man of studious pursuits; and again, if the superiority be on the other side—if the woman be possessed of an enlarged and cultivated mind—she will find the mere idler, the unprofitable spendthrift, of what she considered most valuable talent, a very unsuitable companion. A certain diversity in married persons is intended by nature, and is favourable to mutual improvement. The sedentary student will be agreeably enlivened by his vivacious partner, if her vivacity be the expression of an intelligent mind; and the woman of elegant accomplishment will receive from the superior sense, and more valuable attainments of her husband, a higher tone, and will herself be stimulated to advance by her desire of assimilating herself to him." Let parents give their children a good education, including refinement, good sense, and piety; and as they have no right, so they will have no reason, to choose for those whom they have thus but taught to choose for themselves. Nothing is so calculated to refine the whole character and manner as a chaste, high-soaring, and virtuous passion for one whose merit proclaims its beauty and safety.

The secret of pleasing is to be easily pleased yourself, and to seek to please another without apparent study or effort, and never to act any part but your own. Re-



finement will show itself in being always at ease, but only in our own position; for true delicacy will be the more scrupulous of taking any liberty, in proportion as superior rank allows greater freedom of access: in conversing without effort, neither displaying nor concealing our knowledge or advantages, and in rendering the deportment, as nearly as possible in all cases, a transcript of a mind in love with grace and propriety; and though apparently the contrary, it will be the last to give or to take umbrage.

Refinement of mind, as already asserted, will never be found in connexion with vanity, which is ever transgressing the rules of taste, even when most studious of refinement. Ostentation is the glare of vulgarity, whilst the fine tinsel held out for display leads us to suspect poverty behind. It is also skilled in determining on what is suitable. In dress, furniture, equipage, and all that concerns family establishments, it not only judges abstractedly but relatively; placing every thing in its best position, and doing every thing in its destined time. There is no excess or deficiency, but all is adaptation, and all is consistent and harmonious, and if we do not admire we are insensibly pleased.

Though cognisant of trifles, as they are often erroneously styled, it yet knows how to adjust the respective proportions; it is far removed from the formal niceness of the spinster, and the uniform neatness or decorations of the lovers of dress in both sexes; it is often seen in a somewhat negligent garb, but this never offends any but bad taste, fastidious precision, and an over-scrupulous and tyrannic exaction. In paying an accidental visit, it does not keep you waiting until it has changed its dress, nor does it ever allow itself to be surprised; and though sometimes bordering on enthusiasm, it never verges into extravagance.

But higher qualifications can alone give a true, solid, and universal refinement to the mind and social intercourse. It naturally grows with the intellectual character, and with the general increase of sound experience, and still more with the refinement of the moral sensibilities. A feeling heart, forbearance, forgiveness, candour, charity, humility, and a knowledge of human nature in its secret workings, directing the associations of thought to what is most agreeable, and withdrawing or concealing all that might offend—a pure imagination, a clear conscience, and an expansive benevolence, that rejoices to exercise its sympathy, and lavishes its offerings at home as well as abroad, in the little as well as the great—these can alone give existence to that higher refinement which almost makes you forget respect and admiration in the satisfaction and happiness which its fascinations habitually impart.

If we would cultivate or evince refinement, we must not regard, and so overlook, anything as being trivial, but endeavour, in every instance, to adhere strictly to its dictates. Bad taste may indeed please some, but it will certainly displease others; whereas refinement can offend no one, and the want of it may not only effect our exclusion from the best society, or what is worse, render it unpleasant both to us and them, but lower our standard of excellence, rob us of many pleasures, and make a cause, conduct, or eloquence, in itself good and admirable, appear in an unfavourable and unamiable aspect. The scholar and the Christian should especially then seek to recommend both themselves and the cause of learning and piety. The fairer sex owe much of their influence to this source. The greater the refinement, the greater the sway of female beauty and fascination. Their education and their mental peculiarities, as well as the varied offices assigned them as daughter, wife, and mother, should lead them to be critical over themselves, lest they fail to please, and so to win. Though, perhaps, unequal in the higher powers of mind, yet they must be allowed to excel in those whose exercise is required to give prominence to all that is elegant, graceful, and alluring. They are also more gifted in the softer, as the other sex is in the sterner virtues. To them we look up for models of refinement, both in writing, speaking, and action. They will thus smooth the asperities of life, and enable the other sex, the products of whose labour and care are laid at their feet, to encounter the "trials of this working-day world," and give a charm, vivacity, and dignity to social intercourse, that must otherwise degenerate into indifference. A pleasing illustration is given us by one of our modern writers, in a narrative known but to few, in the character of the Hon. Miss Catherine Iratt, whose person, mind, and manners, the *tout ensemble*, are exhibited in living colours to perfection. But let none be discouraged by superior excellence, but submit to the discipline, pursue each habit, and cherish every impression, which may serve to reform and hallow the mind and social habits, and thus better fit them to give and receive a larger measure of true, because refined and exalted, enjoyment.

#### THE MODEL PRISON.

From a recent visit to the Model Prison, near Pentonville, we were enabled to lay before our readers a few details respecting this great reformatory institution, which may not be without interest to those, who, with a knowledge of our criminal statistics, seek for the exercise of some moral appliances,

in lieu of cruel and oppressive punishments, towards those whose crimes forbid their unrestrained intercourse with their fellows. A reflecting mind, accustomed to distrust a system which has hitherto done little towards improving the moral condition of those subjected to its discipline, will be in favour of any change which may encourage the hope of an amelioration in the ordinary sufferings of imprisonment, and lessen the contaminating influence of promiscuous association.

So far back as the year 1774, the late Mr Howard, whose name is now recorded in the pages of history, having made himself practically conversant with the workings of our prison system, raised his benevolent voice in loud remonstrances against its cruelty and injustice. So prominently striking, however, were the *physical* privations and miseries of the sufferers, that this amiable man confined his whole energies rather to their amelioration than to the development of any practical principle of moral treatment.

Since that period public attention has been more or less directed to the evils complained of; but it was left for the enlightened minds of men of more recent date to suggest a scheme which must enlist many suffrages in favour of its humane and truly philanthropic spirit.

The suggestion of a Model Reformatory Institution emanated, in the first instance, from Messrs. Crawford and Witworth Russell, and having received the assent of Lord John Russell, then secretary of state for the home department, Major Jebb, of the Royal Engineers, was entrusted to carry out their recommendations, in the erection of the present building, which was completed in the autumn of 1842. The ability which has characterised his co-operation, may be gleaned from a visit to the establishment, which for solidity of structure, beauty of design, security from escape or external attack, and general aptitude in all its minute arrangements for carrying out the views of the promoters of the scheme, is not to be equalled by any institution of the same character in Europe.

It is designed as a model of construction for future prisons, and is the appointed receptacle for adult male convicts between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, under sentences of transportation. This period of incarceration is limited to eighteen months, and their imprisonment there is merely a probationary term previous to their transportation, which, while it effects a total removal from contaminating associations, is intended as an occasion for exercising the most salutary influences upon the mind and habits of the offender, of which he may be susceptible, in the confident belief that habits of regularity and in-

dustry, with the benign effects of religious discipline, combined with a certain degree of mental culture, may not be without its influence on all who are subjected to it; and, that having supplied the means of exercising a profitable calling, and furnished rules of conduct for after life; they may be safely entrusted with comparative freedom in another hemisphere, where their names and their deeds are unknown.

To effect these desirable objects, past experience has proved that no system can be available that does not embrace entire separation; and, hence, the principle upon which this building is constructed, which, while it affords the most complete facilities for communication and inspection that could be devised, is furnished with five hundred and twenty separate cells, and one hundred and fourteen exercising yards. From a central hall, open from floor to roof, radiate wings, or divisions, containing the calls on either side. The galleries in these wings are accessible by means of circular iron stairs, of so light a character as to offer no impediment to an uninterrupted view from the central hall through every corridor, thus affording, at a single glance, a perfect superintendence over every cell and every officer in the interior of the prison. From the centre of the building the appearance of the prison is strikingly beautiful, resembling rather a spacious bazaar than a residence for unfortunate criminals. A quietude and solemnity, however, reigns throughout, which soon dispels the illusion, and impresses the heart with gloom, which is only dissipated by proceeding further, and witnessing the truly merciful contrivances which are adopted to occupy the time and thoughts of the unfortunate inmates, and fit them, eventually, for unqualified liberty, should their conduct entitle them to that indulgence.

The prisoners' cells are supplied with every requisite for pursuing the respective trades in which they may be employed, and the necessary conveniences for habitation are yielded with a due regard to the health and comfort of the occupants. Each cell is fitted up with a mattress and bedding, articles for partaking their meals, basin for washing, with double supply-tap, and other conveniences. Gas is introduced for lighting; and an ingenious contrivance is adopted for enabling the prisoner to communicate with an officer, if necessary, by the introduction of a handle which communicates with a gong on the outside. On turning the handle, the gong is sounded, and a numbered label, which is on the outside, flies open, indicating the cell from whence the call proceeds. Books are also placed at the disposal of prisoners for amusement and religious instruction. A small trap is contrived in the door for the introduction

of food and materials, and a small aperture for inspection. The windows, which are spacious, admit abundant light. To the warming and ventilation of the cells the most approved principles of modern discovery have been adopted; each wing being supplied with an apparatus for warming the air when required, which is also made subservient to the removal of the foul air, and the introduction of fresh air, through a large flue open to the external atmosphere.

The daily routine of duty and amusement, is well calculated to effect the laudable objects which are so earnestly sought. On rising, at a stated hour in the morning, the prisoners are compelled to attend, first, to their personal cleanliness, and that of their cell; they have prayers in the chapel, then breakfast, to this succeeds compulsory labour at some trade which they are obliged to follow; exercise in the yards, reading, drawing, and religious instruction. To promote personal cleanliness and good health, a warm bath is provided every fortnight. The same system of seclusion is adopted in the enjoyment of exercise, each prisoner occupying one of the separate yards, which, radiating from a central station in charge of an officer, forbids communication with other inmates, while it enables the person in command to make himself acquainted with their actions, and give immediate attention to their requirements.

In order to stimulate their exertions in the pursuit of their calling, the fruits of their industry are made subservient to some good end. The produce of their labour is lodged in the public store of the department, and disposed of at moderate fixed prices for the benefit of the criminal. The amount realised is placed to the credit of the individual convict by whom the article has been manufactured, and handed over to him on his arrival in Van Dieman's Land. At this repository may be seen household articles of every description, with articles of clothing, &c., which would do no discredit to a west end establishment.

The ties of kindred were not overlooked by the framers of this scheme; and as far as is compatible with a due regard to the discipline and efficiency of the establishment, every encouragement is given to an interchange of kindly and affectionate feelings. Thus every three months is allotted as the period for receiving visits from their friends; and desolate, indeed, must be the heart that cannot command some sympathising soul to cheer it at these intervals with words of affectionate solicitude.

The chapel, the baths, workshops, kitchens, and other domestic offices, with the residences of the officers of the Institution,

all possess claims for their judicious arrangement in connexion with the other departments of the building.

As may be conceived, the value of time is here well understood; and, in order to economise it, a hoisting machine is employed, communicating with the kitchen and store department, to raise provisions from below, which are then transmitted to the different cells, along the galleries, by a light iron carriage, which runs on the top of the railing, and to those in the basement by the aid of a small barrow. The facility which this machine affords, may be illustrated by the fact that the food to the whole establishment of prisoners, six hundred in number, is distributed in the almost incredibly brief space of twelve minutes, and this with the most perfect order.

Our limits forbid us to do more on the present occasion, than to furnish a simple outline of this establishment, without entering into an abstract question of the beneficial effects to society at large which are sought by the promulgators of the scheme. A visit to the establishment itself will do more to influence the mind in forming a correct judgment on its merits than any comments we could offer. In this belief we would recommend all who can command the requisite leisure to visit the Model Prison; and sure we are that whatever opinions they may form of the ultimate result of this theory, they will at least be convinced that its authors have been actuated by a truly christian and philanthropic spirit.

#### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF FINGALL.



*Arms.*—Sa., a bend argent, in the sinister chief a tower triple towered of the second.

*Crest.*—A horse, passant, ar.

*Supporters.*—Dexter, a Pegasus, per fesse, or and ar.; sinister, an antelope, ar., horned unguled, ducally zorged and chained, or.

*Motto.*—*Festina lente.* "Hasten forward with caution."

This noble family is of Danish origin, but its settlement in Ireland is so remote that nothing certain can be stated as to the



precise period. In the eleventh century John Plunket was established at Beaulieu, or Bewley, county of Meath, the constant residence of the elder branch of his descendants. In the reign of Henry III, John Plunket was living, one of whose sons John, was ancestor of the lords Louth, and the other, Richard, of Rathregan, county of Meath, who with his son and heir, Richard Plunket, sat in the parliaments and great council of 1374, the one as a baron, and the other *de consilio regis*. The younger, Richard Plunket, was father of Sir Christopher Plunket, knight who, for the services he had rendered in the wars of Ireland, and the expenses he had incurred, received a grant of money from Henry VI, in 1426. He became proprietor of the barony of Killeen in the right of his wife Joan, only daughter and heir of Sir Lucas Cusac, knight, lord of Killeen, Dansany, and Gerardstone, county of Meath. His grandson, Sir Christopher Plunket, third lord of Killeen, is styled in an act of the 27th Henry VI, "*Christofre Plunket, le puisne seigneur de Killeen*. His elder son, Christopher Plunket, the fourth lord of Killeen, was summoned to parliament, in 1463, and is called in a statute of that year, "*Christofre Plunket, esquier, Fitz and heir de Christofre Plunket, Chevalier, Jadetz Seigneur de Killeen*." He was succeeded by his brother Edmund, whose son was of the privy council to Henry VIII, who dying without issue, he was succeeded by his second son, lord Christopher Plunket. Having no son the inheritance descended to his brother, James Plunket, lord Killeen; his grandson, the tenth lord, was Lucas, styled Lucas More. He was created earl of Fingall, September 26, 1628; James I precluding the honour by a most flattering letter. His lordship was succeeded by his son, Christopher, second earl, who was made prisoner at the battle of Rathmines, and died a fortnight after in the castle of Dublin. His son, grandson, and great-grandson, successively enjoyed the title and estates; the latter dying without issue, in 1733, they passed to his cousin and heir male, Robert, sixth earl, who was a captain in Berwick's regiment in the service of France. He married Mary, daughter of Roger Magueus, esquire, and dying in 1731, was succeeded by his son, Arthur James, seventh earl, in his seventh year. His grandson, Arthur James, the present earl, was born March 29, 1791; succeeded his father, July 30, 1836; married, December 11, 1817, Louisa, only daughter of Elias Corbally, esquire, of Corbally Hall, county of Meath.

## The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "*Student's French Grammar*," translator of *Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite,"* &c.

VOLUME FOURTH.

### CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"My son," interrupted the Abbé, "it is useless to remember these circumstances."

"Pardon me, I ought to remember everything, and it is your duty to listen to me. Six months previous to my leaving for America, you told me that you would prepare me for the confessional; and, in order to fill that holy office, you gave me a book containing the questions that a confessor ought to put to young men and girls, and married women. Oh, God! Gabriel added, shuddering, "I shall never forget that terrible moment. It was in the evening. I retired to my chamber with the book, which was written by one of our fathers, and enlarged and revised by a holy bishop. Full of respect, of confidence, and of faith, I opened it, and was struck with horror and confusion. Trembling, I shut the book, ran to you, and told you that I had involuntarily cast my eyes over the work which had no title, that you had in error placed in my hands."

"Do you remember, my son," said the Abbé, gravely, "that I overcame your scruples by telling you that a priest who is destined to hear all kind of evils in the confessional ought to know everything; that the Order regarded that compendium as a classic work, and enforced its perusal upon all deacons and upon young priests before they entered the confessional?"

"And I believed you; for the habit of obedience had rendered me inert; and discipline having deadened scrutiny, in spite of my horror, I returned to my chamber with the book, and read—Oh, God!—the most frightful revelations—all the abominations that lust and luxury could suggest. In the midst of my solitude I shuddered with confusion and fright, and it seemed to me as if my reasoning faculties were affected. My blood boiled in my veins, then terrible hallucinations succeeded, lascivious objects seemed to start out of the book, and I lost all knowledge in trying to shun their burning caresses."

"You were the victim of a too vivid imagination; and you were not, my son, in a proper state to judge of the propriety of that work."

"I will say no more about it. A fearful illness seized upon me, and when I came to my senses, you told me that I was too un-

sophisticated for certain functions. It was then, you will remember, that I beseeched you to allow me to go as a missionary to America. For a long time you refused my request, but at last consented. I set out. From infancy I had always lived at school, or in the seminary, in a state of subjection. Well, then, what delight did I experience in the midst of the ocean, with a bright sky over my head. It seemed to me that I had escaped from a world of darkness; my heart beat freely in my bosom, and for the first time I felt that I was master of my own thoughts, and that I dared to examine the past. Strange doubts started in my mind, and I asked myself the right the Order had in depriving me, for such a length of time, of the liberty, judgment, and of the powers of reasoning which God had bestowed upon me."

At this moment Rodin entered.

The Abbé looked significantly at Rodin, and, on approaching him, the latter said, whisperingly, "There's nothing the matter. A person called to tell me that the father of Marshal Simon had arrived at the workshop of M. Hardy."

The Abbé, in answer to the interrogative look that Rodin gave him, hung down his head dejectedly, then said, addressing Gabriel, "Continue, my son; I wish to know the resolution that you have formed."

"In an instant, sir, you shall know all. On arriving at Charleston, I applied to the Superior of our Order in that town to enlighten me in regard to the objects of our Society, and with frankness he did so. I was horror struck! I read the "Casuist." Oh! what frightful revelations. Each page of these volumes, written by the father of our Order, contains passages excusing and justifying theft, calumny, rape, adultery, perjury, and murder.\* When I thought to myself that I, a priest of Him, who was all justice, forgiving, and loving; when I thought that I belonged to a Society, whose superior professed such doctrines, and indulged in such wickedness, I made an oath to my Maker that I would, on reaching home, break for ever the ties that united me to it."

At these words the Marquis and Rodin exchanged terrific looks. All was lost. Their prey had escaped.

"Having completed my mission, several times I asked, but in vain, to see you. It was the will of Providence that I should have a long conversation with my adopted mother, and from her I learnt the trick that had been used to get me into your Order, and the sacrilegious abuse made of the confessional, by inducing that poor

woman to deliver up two orphans, whom a dying mother had confided to the care of a brave and honest soldier; you can easily understand, even if I had previously hesitated to take such steps, that what I learned yesterday rendered my decision unalterable."

"Then, my son," said the Abbé, with a livid countenance, "you wish to break the links that bind you to the Order; but you must know that the Society can do so with you, but you cannot do so with the Society."

"My conduct proves to you the importance that I place in my oath; nevertheless, if you refuse me, I will no longer consider myself, neither in the eyes of God, nor in those of man, in any way connected with the Society."

The Abbé was speechless, and looked despairingly at Rodin. The latter, seeing that his note was still unopened, approached the Marquis, and demanded, with an alarmed voice, "Have you not yet read my note?"

"I never thought of it."

Rodin started in anger and astonishment; then he said, with a calm voice—"Read it now."

Scarcely had the Marquis cast his eyes upon the paper, than a ray of hope illumined his countenance. Grasping the hand of Rodin, with a feeling of deep gratitude, he whispered in his ear, "You are right. Gabriel is still ours."

#### CHAPTER XXI.—THE CHANGE.

Before addressing Gabriel, the Abbé stood upright, drew back his head, and, calculating the effect of the eloquence he was about to bring into practice on a subject that Rodin had given him, and which he had neglected, looked steadfastly at the young priest.

"Excuse me, my dear son," he at length said, "for my silence, but your sudden determination has confounded me, and has given rise to the most painful thoughts. For some moments I have been trying to penetrate the cause of this rupture, and I think I have succeeded. So, my dear son, you have taken into serious consideration the important step that you are about to take."

"Yes, my father."

"You have absolutely decided on abandoning the Order, either with or without my consent."

"It will be painful to me; but such is my determination."

"That must, indeed, be a painful step for one who freely took an oath, which, according to our regulations, binds him to the Society, and restricts him from leaving it without the consent of his superiors."

"You know that I was ignorant of the

\* A work published in Strasburg, in 1843, under the title of "Discoveries of a Bibliarian," which was used in seminaries, gloss over, under the most base provisos, the crimes above enumerated.

nature of the oath which I took. Now that I am enlightened in that respect, I ask permission to withdraw, for my only desire is to obtain a curacy in some village far distant from Paris. In some parts of the country the ignorance and misery that prevail among the lower classes are distressing, and their condition is as deplorable as that of the slaves of America. For what sort of liberty do they enjoy, and what is their instruction? With God's will, I think that, as a country curate, I could render some important services to humanity; therefore do not refuse."

"Oh, be assured, my dear son," said the Abbé, with a suasive voice, "I will no longer war with your desires."

"Then, my father, you will relieve me from my vows."

"I have not power to do that, my son; but I will immediately write to Rome, demanding the consent of my Principal."

"A thousand thanks, my father."

"Very shortly, my dear son, you will be freed from the chains which bind you to men whom you reject with so much bitterness—men who, nevertheless, will still continue to pray for you, in order that God may preserve you from the backslidings too often attendant on youth. You wish, my dear son, to be disunited from us, but we, on the other hand, do not so easily change our fraternal solicitude. We look upon ourselves as men ready to serve and help our fellow-creatures; for, even in your own case, when you were poor and an orphan, an arm was stretched out to help you, as much for the interest you merited, my dear son, as it was to lighten the heavy burden imposed upon your excellent adopted mother."

"My father," said Gabriel, with emotion, "I am not ungrateful."

"I am almost inclined to believe so, for during many years we gave to our beloved son nourishment both corporeally and mentally, and now you abandon us, without even asking our consent; but having penetrated the true cause of your rupture with us, it is certainly my duty to free you from your oath."

"What cause do you speak of?"

"Alas, my dear son, I can easily conceive your fear. It is impossible that you can be ignorant of the persecutions that have overwhelmed us since the fall of our legitimate sovereign. Thus, my son, I understand the motive which induces you to abandon us."

"My father," said Gabriel, with as much indignation as grief, "you cannot think so of me."

The Abbé continued—"If our Order were as powerful as it was a few years back; if it were respected, as formerly, instead of being calumniated, perhaps, in that case, we would have hesitated before

severing you from our body; but now that we are weak, oppressed, and threatened on all sides, in duty or rather in charity, we will not force you to undergo the perils from which your sagacity has prompted you to evade."

Here the Abbé glanced at Rodin, who made a sign of impatience, which meant to say—"Go on."

"My father," said Gabriel, who possessed one of the noblest and bravest hearts, "your words are cruel, unjust; for you know that I am not cowardly."

"No," said Rodin, looking at Gabriel disdainfully; "your dear son is only prudent."

At these words Gabriel started, a red hue coloured his pale cheeks—then a tear filled his bright blue eye.

"Another motive, my son, induces us to snap the links that unite you to us. Your adopted mother, no doubt, told you yesterday that in all probability some property, the value of which was not yet known, would come to you."

"I already affirmed," said Gabriel, with emotion, to M. Rodin, "that my adopted mother only spoke to me of her scruples of conscience, and I was totally ignorant of the heritage of which you speak."

"Well, I should like to believe so," said the Marquis, "although circumstances speak the contrary, and prove that it was in consideration of the heritage that induced you to form the idea of separating yourself from us."

"I do not understand you, my father."

"It is still very clear according to my opinion, that there are two motives that govern your conduct. In the first place, we are menaced, and you deem it prudent to leave us."

"My father!"

"Permit me to finish. In the second, a modest independence is now before you, and, by separating yourself from us, you can annul the donation which you at a former period made."

"To speak plainly," said Rodin, "you perjure yourself because we are persecuted, and that you may take back the gift which you at a previous time bestowed."

At this infamous accusation, Gabriel lifted his hands up to heaven, ejaculating, "Oh, my God! Oh, God!"

"I think you are going too far," said the Abbé. "My dear son would certainly be acting basely and treacherously, had he known of this inheritance; but he affirms the contrary, in spite of appearances."

"Thank you, my father, for thus suspending your judgment; for God knows that I was ignorant both of the dangers that threatened you and of this inheritance—and that—"

"One word, my son. It was by the

greatest chance in the world that I was made acquainted with the latter. A few days after your return from America, in classing the archives of the Society, your endorsement fell under the eyes of the proctor, who, on examining the contents, learnt that one of your ancestors, to whom this house belonged, had left a will, which would be read to-day. It was no longer you, then, but the Society who, in my person, would elaim in virtue of your donation, the rights which you previously possessed. But now, that you are separated from us, it is meet that you should present yourself. We only came here for the good of the poor, to whom you had previously given up all claim to everything you might one day possess. At present, however, the hope of receiving a fortune, changes your sentiments. As you are now free, take back your gift."

"And do you, my father," said Gabriel, whose long obedience and restriction, had created in him awe and respect for the Marquis—"And do you, my father, believe me capable of taking back a gift which I had previously made to the Society, for the education and attentions which I had received from it?"

"This patrimony, my son, may be little, but it may be a great deal."

"Should it be the fortune of a king," cried Gabriel, "it matters not. Listen; you say, the Society to which I belong is menaced with dangers—I shall look to this, and if I find it so, although morally separated, I shall remain with you till the termination of your difficulties. As to the heritage of which you think me so covetous, I give it up; for my only desire is, that it may be employed in comforting the poor."

The Marquis could scarcely suppress his joy, but, saying in calmness, "I expected this from you, my son," he made a sign to Rodin, the signification of which was perfectly well understood.

"All this is very good, and very fine," said the secretary, with a contemptuous smile, "but your dear son only gives you his word for this."

"Sir," said Gabriel.

"The law," added Rodin, "might find pretexts against gifts made in favour of our Order, and to-morrow you would be able to take back what you gave to-day,"

"And my oath, sir."

Rodin fixed his keen little eye upon Gabriel, then said, sarcastically, "Your oath! you also swore eternal allegiance to our Order—and what is the value of that oath now?"

Gabriel seemed embarrassed, but feeling within himself the falseness of the comparison, he rose, went to the desk, and wrote—

"Before God, who sees and hears me! before the Abbé d'Aigrigny, and M. Rodin, I swear that I freely give to the Society

of Jesus, through the medium of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, all that to which I may fall heir. This donation having for its object the repayment of services rendered me, and to secure that which may alleviate the sufferings of the poor. I declare that, if I ever think, under any circumstances, of revoking, I shall merit the contempt of every honest man.

"I write this on the 13th of February, 1832, prior to the will of my ancestor being read.

"GABRIEL DE RENNEPONT."

Gabriel rose, and, approaching Rodin, handed him the paper without speaking.

"Well, this is a written oath—that's all," said the secretary, with the greatest coolness. "Of two things your dear son means one, that is, to render his oath irrevocable, or to—"

"Sir," interrupted Gabriel, "spare yourself and spare me such a disgraceful supposition."

"You have no objection to render this document legal," said Rodin.

"My dear son," interrupted the Abbé, affectionately, "if it were a donation made to me, I would ask no more, but anything that might injuriously affect the poor ought to be seriously guarded against. In a moment God might call you to himself, and who knows if your heirs would be satisfied with the oath that you have taken."

"You are right, my father," said Gabriel, "I did not think of death, to which we are ever subject."

At this moment Samuel opened the door, saying, "Gentlemen, the notary has arrived; may I show him into the room."

"We will be happy to see him," said Rodin, "for we wish him to draw up a deed."

We shall now leave the notary, Rodin, Gabriel, and the Marquis for a little, and conduct our readers to the walled house.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE RED ROOM

The clerk watched the proceedings of the masons with the greatest impatience, and when he saw Isaacs appear at the garden gate, carrying a large bunch of keys, his anxiety redoubled.

"Now, my friends," said the old man on approaching, "your work is finished; the notary is instructed to pay you. Allow me, then, to show you to the street door."

"Oh, sir," said the clerk, "the most interesting moment has arrived, therefore do let us have a peep into the interior of this mysterious house."

"I am sorry to refuse you, but I cannot do so."

A few remonstrances took place, after which Samuel succeeded in ridding himself of the importunate clerk.

The old man, on opening the door, felt a

gust of humid air, like the exhalation of a cave when suddenly opened. He shut the door after him, locked it on the inside, and advanced up the vestibule. The sound of the heavy footsteps of the Jew resounded in the high dome; and a feeling of melancholy stole over him as the idea shot across his mind that the last footsteps echoed in these walls were those of his ancestors. Firm though the old man was, he could not prevent himself from experiencing fear when, thinking of the strange lights he had seen in the morning, he saw the words "red room" engraved on one of the doors.

Samuel drew forth a key, which had that inscription attached to it, turned the lock, and entered an extensive apartment, which the window that was opened lighted up. The room was splendidly furnished in the style of Louis XIV., a large round table, with a crimson velvet cover, stood in the middle. On Samuel approaching it, he saw a piece of white vellum with these words—

"Let my will be read in this room. The other apartments to remain closed till my last wishes are known. M. de R."

The most profound silence reigned in them, when suddenly the strokes of a clock striking ten, came from the adjoining apartment. It was then exactly ten o'clock. Samuel had no belief in perpetual motion, therefore he asked himself, with surprise, mingled with terror, the possibility of a clock going for one hundred and fifty years. After having reflected for some time upon this singular fact, he thought of the traditions that existed about the mysterious personages that were said to introduce themselves into this house from subterranean passages.

Absorbed in these thoughts, Samuel approached the mantle-piece, which was opposite the window, a light fell upon two portraits, a male and a female, which the Jew had not till then observed.

The female appeared to be about twenty-five or thirty years of age. Instead of being dressed according to the mode of Louis XIV., her hair, more like that of the portraits of Veronese, encased in large braids her mournful countenance. The eyes, large and blue, were expressive of sadness. Her face was oval, and her skin pure and white, save a slight tint of red that brightened her cheeks. She wore a tunic, or robe, which, mounting to the neck, designed her symmetrical form, and, training on the ground, completely hid her feet.

On the left side of the mantle-piece was the picture of a man of tall stature, about thirty years of age. His countenance was also expressive of grief. His hair was of the raven hue; and, by a strange caprice of nature, his eyebrows extended from one temple to the other, in the form of an arch.

Samuel, struck at the noble look of the two figures, asked himself, whose portraits they were?

"According to what my father told me, they are not those of the Rennepont family, for they are in the mourning hall." Then, after a few minutes' silence, he added, "I must now prepare everything, for it has struck ten, and there only seems to be the young priest. Can he be the only descendant?"

Samuel, on glancing at the door of the room in which the clock had struck, directed his steps towards the vestibule. A knock was heard at the door—he opened it, when he was a little chagrined at seeing Rodin, the Marquis, and Gabriel, with Bathsheba and the notary, who had acted as guides.

Samuel could not refrain from heaving a sigh, as he said, "Enter, gentleman; everything is prepared."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—THE WILL.

On entering the red chamber, Gabriel, Rodin, and d'Aigrigny, appeared differently affected. Gabriel, pale and melancholy, was anxious to depart, feeling himself relieved of a heavy burthen, by the legal transfer of his rights to d'Aigrigny. It had never occurred to the mind of the young priest, that the solicitude evinced on his behalf by d'Aigrigny, was only designed to insure the success of a dark intrigue; and, in relinquishing his rights in that person's favour, he did not consider he was yielding to a fastidious sentiment of honour, because this transfer had been freely made by him several years before, and he would have deemed it dishonourable to retract it now, for on no consideration would he have incurred the reproach of being actuated by cupidity.

The probity of the young missionary must have been very great, to resist the demoralising influence of his education. Happily, however, the icy atmosphere in which his youth had been passed, had rendered torpid, but not destroyed, his generous qualities, which were quickly reanimated by the warm and vivifying influence of the breath of liberty.

d'Aigrigny, still more excited and paler than Gabriel, tried to account for his emotion by attributing it to the deep sorrow he felt at Gabriel's desertion of the Jesuits.

Rodin, calm and self-possessed, witnessed with suppressed indignation the deep emotion of d'Aigrigny; yet, notwithstanding his apparent composure, he was perhaps more anxious than his Superior about the success of this important affair.

When the actors in this scene were, at the invitation of the notary, about to sit down, Samuel advanced with a black re-



gister in his hand, and addressing himself to the notary, said—"I have been ordered, sir, to place this register here. It is locked at present, but I will deliver the key to you as soon as the will has been read."

"This," said the notary, "is mentioned in a note that accompanies the will, which, on your being seated, gentlemen, I will read to you; for it describes the formalities that are to be observed at the opening of the will."

The notary then read as follows:—"On the 13th of February, 1832, my testament shall be carried to No. 3, in the Rue St. Francis, and precisely at ten o'clock the door of the red chamber shall be opened to my descendants, for the purpose of hearing my will read; and when the clock is at the last stroke of twelve, my property will, in conformity with my wishes, be divided among my descendants that are then present."

The notary having read this, said, in an impressive tone, "M. Gabriel Renneport having proved his relationship to the testator, and being the only heir of the Renneport family present, I now, in his presence, in the manner that has been prescribed, open the will."

D'Aigrigny now leant with his elbows on the table, in breathless anxiety. Gabriel prepared to listen more from curiosity than interest; and Rodin, seated at a little distance from the table, with his hat between his knees, at the bottom of which, and partly hidden in the folds of an old handkerchief, he had placed his watch, was listening to the slightest noise that occurred without, and noting with an anxious look the slow movement of time.

The notary having opened the will, read as follows, amid the most profound attention:—

"Hamlet of Villeteuse, Feb. 13, 1682.

"I am now about, by my death, to escape from the disgrace of the galleys, to which I have been condemned, as an apostate, by the implacable enemies of my family. Besides, my life has been a burthen to me since my son died, the victim of a mysterious crime. Poor Henry was only nineteen years old—his murderers are unknown—no, not unknown, if my suspicions be correct. As long as this beloved child lived, I feigned that I had renounced Protestantism, and I scrupulously observed the forms of Catholicism, for the purpose of securing him my property. But when he was slain, I could no longer bear this restraint. I was watched, accused, and found guilty of apostacy. My property was confiscated, and I was condemned to the galleys.

"These are dreadful times. Misery and servitude! sanguinary despotism and religious intolerance! Death is preferable to these!

"Before, however, I depart, I must think

of my kindred that I leave behind, or rather of those that may live in better times. The sum of 50,000 crowns, which were returned to me by a friend, is all the wealth I have left. This, divided among my numerous relations, would not avail them much. I, therefore, guided by the advice of one of the best of men, dispose of it otherwise. And if my wishes be faithfully attended to, the result, in a century and a half, will be a great and noble one.

"In order that my descendants may be able to appreciate my wishes, I must inform them who were the persecutors of my family. My grandfather, a Catholic, was induced, less by his religious zeal than by perfidious counsel, to join the Society of Jesuits. A few years after this, some fearful revelations were made to him, respecting the secret aims of this Society, and of the means they had of accomplishing them. This was in 1610, about a month before the assassination of Henry IV. My grandfather, alarmed at the secret, which shortly after transpired at the death of one of the best of kings, not only left the Society of Jesuits, but he forsook the Romish religion, and turned Protestant. Documents incontestably proving the connivance of two of the Jesuits with Ravillac, were brought forward by my grandfather, on the trial of Jean Chatelet, the regicide. This was the first cause of the bitter hatred of the Jesuits to our family. Thank heaven! those documents are in a place of safety. And if my wishes be observed, they will be found, marked A. M. C. D. G., in an ebony box in the mourning chamber. My father was also, on this account, pursued by the vengeance of the Jesuits, which would have ended in his ruin, and perhaps his death, but for the intervention of an angelic woman, who became to him almost an object of religious worship. The portrait of this woman, and also that of the man, for whom I entertained so profound a veneration, were painted by me from memory, and placed in the red chamber. And I hope that they will be regarded by my descendants with feelings of the deepest gratitude."

Gabriel had, for some minutes past, become more attentive to the reading of the will, and he had remarked the strange coincidence of one of his ancestors having, two centuries before, abandoned the same Society that he had himself quitted only an hour ago. And he also thought it not less strange, that this Society should, by his own voluntary act, become possessed of the inheritance that had been transmitted to him, through the lapse of a century and a half. When the notary came to the passage relating to the portraits, Gabriel turned to look at them, and no sooner had he cast his eyes on them than he uttered a loud cry of surprise.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE LAST STROKE OF  
TWELVE.

At the cry of Gabriel the notary stopped reading, and d'Aigrigny hastily approached the young priest, who stood gazing, with increasing amazement, at the portrait of the woman. Presently he said, as if speaking to himself, "Can it be possible! Yes, those eyes and that pale forehead are hers!"

"What ails you, my dear son?"

"Eight months ago," replied Gabriel, "when amid the Rocky Mountains, I was seized by the Indians, who, placing me on a cross, prepared to scalp me, when Providence unexpectedly sent that woman to my aid."

"What woman?" inquired d'Aigrigny.

"A woman," replied Gabriel, "so closely resembling that portrait, that if it had not been shut up here for a century and a half, I would have believed that she had sat for it."

Rodin, impatient at this interruption, said to the notary, "It appears to me, sir, that this little romance is rather foreign to the reading of the will."

"You are right," replied the notary, resuming his task.

"The Jesuits have, by means of confiscations, become possessed of my property, and I am about to die. May their hatred of my kindred be extinguished by my death. I have sent this morning for Isaac Samuel, a man of long tried probity, whose life I saved. To him and to his descendants, I have confided the management of the 50,000 crowns, for the space of one hundred and fifty years, by which time it will have increased to an enormous sum. So many changes occur in the course of a century and a half, that it is probable that my descendants may, at that time, be found in every grade of life, and thus, represent the different social elements of their time. However this may be, my most ardent wish is, that they may be united by a close bond of union, and that they may carry into effect, the divine words of the Saviour, '*Love one another.*' Oh! if my descendants should prove faithful to this wish, what great things may be accomplished, by a wise appropriation of their immense resources, for the welfare of entire humanity."

"After the reading of my will, and the division of my property among my descendants, the apartments of the house will be thrown open to them, where, especially in the mourning chamber, things worthy of their pity and their respect will meet their sight."

"My desire is that the house may not be sold, but that it may remain furnished, and serve as a place of meeting for my descendants. If, however, instead of uniting in

the manner I have requested, they should prefer their own selfish and individual interests, let the house be razed to the ground. I have now done. My duty is fulfilled."

"MARIUS DE RENNEPORT."

Gabriel now reflected bitterly on the consequences of having given away his rights. He saw that the generous family association, so urgently recommended by M. de Renneport, was rendered impracticable.

Samuel, then addressing himself to the notary, said, "You will find, sir, in this register, an account of the sums in my possession."

"What is the amount?" inquired Rodin, with an air of apparent indifference.

"Two hundred and twelve millions, one hundred—"

"What do you say?" interrupted d'Aigrigny.

"Yes, what is the amount?" said Rodin, in an agitated manner, losing, perhaps, for the first time in his life his self-possession.

"Two hundred and twelve million, one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs," replied the Jew.

This astounding declaration was followed by a profound silence, in the midst of which a clock, in an adjoining apartment, began slowly to strike twelve.

"Twelve o'clock!" cried Rodin, extending his arms towards the box containing the money, as if to seize it.

"At last!" exclaimed d'Aigrigny, in a state of excitement impossible to describe. Then embracing Gabriel, he added, "Ah, my dear son, how you will be blessed by the poor."

"Let us first thank Providence," said Rodin, falling on his knees, "for entrusting us with so much wealth, to be employed for the advancement of his glory."

When the last stroke of twelve had struck, the notary said, "No other heir of Marius de Renneport having presented himself, I declare Gabriel de Renneport the sole inheritor of his wealth. But the said Gabriel de Renneport having, this morning, in my presence, freely and legally transferred his claim to the Marquis of d'Aigrigny, the latter is therefore now the legitimate possessor of this wealth."

At this moment Dagobert, his countenance ghastly pale, and his left arm in a sling, appeared at the door of the red chamber, leaning on the arm of Agricola. At the sight of the old soldier Rodin rushed to the box containing the money, and seized it with such ferocity, that he seemed resolved to keep possession of it at the peril of his life.

(To be continued.)

## THE POACHER.

## A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

This poem, by Nicholson, the Yorkshire poet, whose fine portrait by Geller, was lately presented to our subscribers, is very different from the feeble, maudlin compositions frequently served up to the public as "tales in verse." The author studied his subject by associating with those he delineates, as Congreve established himself at Wapping to gain the materials for giving the stage his *Be*. It will be found full of animation, and there is a melo-dramatic interest about it, which would make a slumberer start from his couch. It besides teaches a fine moral lesson, and addresses a solemn admonition both to owners and purchasers of game. The poem opens with a declaration of this bard that *he* never took a hare or killed a partridge. He exhibits the young poacher first keeping a terrier, then advancing to be the possessor of a fowling-piece and nets, and paints the dissipation in which successful poaching enables the rustic to revel. Ignotus, an old practitioner, animates the young adventurer by recounting his former exploits. The causes which encourage poaching are visited with keen but dignified satire.

"When sportsmen some notorious poachers flee,  
On game at law, as thy should never dene,  
For fear it was their own the week before,  
Hung in their parks, or shot upon the moor!  
But here we scarce can tavern-keepers blame,  
They wish to have a wide extended fame;  
And but for poachers, what could such men do,  
When for a feast they want a hare or two?  
If there be supper, or a private ball,  
Be there no game it does not please at all;  
The beaux and belles go home dissatisfied  
With every dainty, roasted, bak'd, or fried.  
The ladies blame the master of the house,  
If in the feast there be nor snipes nor grouse;  
For that is ever held the choicest dish,  
That comes in secret, be it game or fish!  
The ladies then in ecstasy declare  
What part they took of partridge, grouse, or hare,  
Describe the dainties when they each get home,  
But ne'er consider how these dainties come;  
For whether poachers steal from squires or kings,  
This is the cause whence most of poaching springs.  
The epicures of every trading town,  
Who get a hare or pheasant for a crown,  
Have done more harm than all the murdering wire  
That e'er was temper'd in the poacher's fire."

The task the poet has taken upon himself, and the misery of the poacher's family, are finely described:—

"Mine be the task to paint unto the life,  
The deep distress of a poor poacher's wife,  
Who in the worst of huts is forced to live,  
When winter snow comes through it like a sieve;  
The furniture, were it put up for sale,  
Would scarcely make a crown to buy him ale;  
His children to the utmost famine driv'n,  
Quite destitute of clothes but what were giv'n,  
By one whose heart could at misfortunes melt,  
Who knew their wants, and for their sufferings felt.  
He sees them shivering off without a fire,  
And what should buy them candles is spent in wire;  
Two-thirds laid out in powder, shot, and nets,

The other part the well-fed landlord gets—  
And when the night of danger's past away,  
While others work, he sleeps throughout the day;  
But oft his sleep is broke by sad and fearful  
He starts—and thinks some half-fiend's voice he hears—  
He lifts his head—'tis fam-ne all and death,  
His famish'd children clinging round the hearth;  
Disease destroying all his partner's clime,  
And tears fall on the infant in her arms.  
His conscience wakes, tho' nearly hard as stone—  
He turns him o'er, and 'heaves a heavy groan;  
Vows like an honest man's his days shall be—  
At last convinc'd his deeds bring misery  
His weeping wife hears the repentant sigh,  
In anguish 'sard him turns her tear-drench'd eyes,  
Thus speaks, with looks that would the marble  
move,  
While weeping o'er the pledges of their love:—  
'Thou once, dear youth, for whom I all forsook,  
To me and mine Oh give one thoughtful look!  
Where shall we fly?—our credit all is o'er,  
Thy evil deeds have made and keep us poor.  
My mother, weary I out, no more can do,  
My father's bosom wasting with his woe!  
Thou, while at enmity with ev'ry friend,  
Dost only to the worst advice attend.  
Bring thou but constant wages, I could rest,  
And with a certain pittance should be blest.  
While others sit in plenty and at peace,  
As years roll on their nuptial joys increase.  
Here is our eldest and our only son,  
Who blest us first ere sorrow had begun,  
Without a shoe to travel in the snow,  
By rags defended when the cold winds blow;  
Who knows not yet an alphabet or pray'r,  
Nor ever yet enross'd a father's care.  
Such things as these sink in my bosom deep,  
And hours unseen I sorrowing sit and weep,  
And see these little innocents besid—  
More than half-nak'd, while clothes are wash'd  
and dried.

While other children are with raiment blest'd,  
And twice upon a Sabbath day are dress'd,  
Ours stand aloof upon the holy day,  
Or weep, upbraided with their rags at play;  
Debts undischarged, while thou enjoy'st thy cheer,  
Forgetful of the wants and sorrows here.  
How well could we be clothed—how well be fed,  
If like an honest man's thy life was led!  
Oh that the purchasers of game could know  
My children's wants—the burden of my woe!"

While the wife is thus speaking, her husband's comrade arrives with extensive orders from Theander, a rich man, in whom they can confide. They go forth on one of their nocturnal expeditions. There is much beauty in what follows:—

"The moon's resplendent orb was hung on high,  
Two' hid were half the diamonds of the sky;  
While skimming clouds, borne on the wings of air,  
Shrouded the heavens—excepting here and there  
The moon-beams darted thro' a misty veil,  
And fields of light fled swiftly o'er the dale.  
Two dogs attended them across the moor—  
A double barrel'd gun each poacher bore:  
The hares were feeding on the turnips green,  
But What's broad stream roll'd rapidly between—  
So deep the ford, it scarcely could be cross'd,  
They greatly fear'd their journey would be lost.  
But soon they found the horse they oft had tried,  
Which ne'er refus'd to cross the torrent wide;  
Without a bride to adorn his head,  
The peaceful creature by his mane was led.  
A while they on the brink consulting stood,  
Then mount'd both, and re-ward in the flood.  
The stream was rolling rapid, deep, and strong—  
Yet, in the midst, they humm'd the poacher's song  
To kill their fears; for who could help but fear?  
Broad was the river, and the whirling near.  
The aged horse his oft-tried strength now lost,  
And on the rap'd stream they both were toss'd!  
Their homes the poachers ne'er had reach'd again,  
Had not Ignotus grappled fast the mane;

Desparo seiz'd his friend—'twas all he could.  
And thus, half drown'd, they ferried o'er the flood.  
Upon the bank they search for ball and string,  
And in the oil-case wrapp'd, they quickly bring  
Across the stream their implements of sport,  
And with them to the farmer's house resort.  
The frugal aged dame is fill'd with fear,  
Lest some should say they harbour'd poachers there.  
Her son—a sporting youth, then goes and draws  
A jug of ale—regardless of the laws:  
Then vows—nor lord, nor lease, his sport shall  
stop,  
Since hares and pheasants ruin half the crop!  
He rouses then the fire, piles on the peat,  
And soon the poachers' clothes smoke with the  
heat.  
The aged farmer, griev'd with locks turn'd grey,  
Sighs in his chair, and wishes them away;  
Then hobbling on his crotch he ventures out,  
To listen if the keepers are about;  
While down his furrow'd cheeks the tears run fast,  
Afraid with him that year will be the last.  
His landlady angry—now no hope appears;  
But his good farm, possess'd for forty years,  
He soon must quit, ere his few days are gone,  
Thro' the bad actions of a wicked son.  
With eyes suffus'd with tears, the poor old man  
To reason with his son then thus began:  
'Oh that I could persuade thee to give o'er  
This cruel sport, which makes and keeps us poor;  
Would'st thou but honestly attempt to live,  
My little all to thee I'd freely give;  
I put now each child, neglected lies;  
Thy fail the beasts with fodder scarce supplies.  
Whilst thou art ranging with thy nets and gun,  
Our cattle and our farm to ruin run;  
Among thy comrades all that little spent  
Which should have paid my long arrears of rent.  
Nothing but de-peast anguish is my lot;  
I could have liv'd at this my native spot,  
Where I so many years of labour pass'd,  
And where I first drew breath have breath'd my  
last!  
But now the workhouse—here his anguish strong  
O'ercame his soul, and sorrow bound his tongue!"

#### The remonstrance is unavailing:

"The poachers, with their nets, their dogs, and  
gun,  
Directed truly by the farmer's son,  
Then left the house and hasten'd to the wood;  
In silence there a while they lay in staid,  
Just when the hammer of the village bell  
Twelve times heav'd back the midnight hour to tell.  
Then nature such an awful silence kept—  
The faded leaves on lofty poplars slept;  
The wither'd rushes, on the healthy hill,  
Were scarcely mov'd—the tallest pines were still.  
The waning moon a bloody feature wore.  
The only sounds the distant cataract's roar,  
And deep-mouth'd mastiffs, struggling in the chain,  
Fierce barking to their echo'd noise again.  
This solemn scene no deep impression made  
On hearts of flint, so harden'd with the trade,  
Then thro' the thick grown briars they wander'd  
slow,  
Looking for pheasants on each lofty bough.  
Ignotus swore they would not see that night,  
Till they beheld between them and the light  
Ten plit'ning birds within the trees at rest;  
For oft before they number'd many a nest,  
And when the powder flash'd, and shot had flown,  
Dried sticks and leaves were all that tumbled down.  
The number in the wood was quickly found:  
They left them there, and rang'd the open ground.  
That night the poachers did their utmost strive  
To catch the rich Thacker hares alive.  
Then swiftly round the fields the lurchers went,  
Dogs which were silent on the strongest scent;  
And when the flying hare was just before,  
Their feet were heard, their panting, but no more.  
But fatal for poor Stormer was the night,  
Two lusty keepers saw him in the flight,  
Levell'd their pieces at the vital part,  
And shot poor faithful Stormer through the heart;

While Phillis swift the feeble hare pursued,  
And left her partner struggling in his blood.  
The echoing woods convey'd the swift report—  
The poachers guess'd the end of that night's sport  
Then quickly sounded Stormer's dying cry—  
"All'd each breast, and blas'd within their eyes;  
Ignotus swore, 'This luckless night I'll die.  
Ere Stormer, wounded, on the field shall lie;  
And should a legion of gamekeepers come,  
The shot of both my barrels shall fly home!  
Weak and more weak the cries of Stormer grew,  
As to the fatal place the poachers flew;  
And when arriv'd, Ignotus rais'd his head,  
Then heav'd a sigh, and deeply swore 'He's dead!  
O friend, Desparo, I such a dog ne'er went  
Across the fields, for swiftness or for scent  
Poor Stormer! look Desparo, where he bled!—  
How oft to us he has the hares convey'd!  
How oft have I, with exultation great,  
Stood list'ning to the singing of his feet;  
But now his turning of the hares are o'er,  
And he must part close at their heels no more!"  
"No sooner had these words escap'd his tongue,  
Than four arm'd keepers, lusty, stout, and strong,  
Leap'd from the bushes with the full design  
To make these bold marauders pay the fine.  
O'er Stormer's death their bosoms were enrag'd;  
In desperation, one with two enrag'd.  
Around the poachers many a pellet flew,  
Before in war they either trigger drew;  
Then all at once their double barrels went;  
The shot whizz'd past—its force in air was spent;  
No time to load again, they met in blows,  
The poachers struggling with superior foes.  
His piece Ignotus by the barrel took,  
One adversary's arm in splinters broke;  
He groan'd and fled, his piteous case to tell;  
Another stroke—and strong Ignotus fell;  
While bold Desparo, with his strong butt-end,  
Made his antagonist to earth descend.  
Now two disabled, furious was the fray,  
Both sides were stupid, neither would give way.  
The barrels broken from their carred stocks,  
And on the field were strew'd the torn-off locks.  
Enrag'd, Ignotus rose, and drew his knife  
And cried, 'Desparo's freedom or your life!  
The keepers, dreading much the fatal blow,  
Took to their heels, and let the poachers go.  
And where's the squire who can such keepers blame?  
They fought, his true—but who would die for  
gam—?"

The feast of the poachers is next given  
with the song written for their revels by  
Nicholson, and which was often sung in  
his presence by his lawless companions:—

"Next night, of game Desparo made a feast,  
And every well known brother was a guest.  
Not to the ale-house did the group retire,  
But drank and smok'd around the poacher's fire;  
Pheasants and grouse, and Stormer's last-caught  
hare—  
Domestic fowls, unbought, were roasted there.  
Their liquor, home-brew'd ale and smuggled rum;  
And each was arm'd had the excisemen come,  
But these as soon durst force banditti meet,  
As force their way into the lone retreat!  
The supper ended, what a jovial crew!  
Each showed his nets, of those they had not few.  
From friend to friend the cheering bumpers ran,  
The viol tun'd the merry dance began.  
Oh that some greater bard had present been,  
And touch'd with verse burlesque the festive scene;  
Their tatter'd clothes were such as might have  
grac'd  
Some farmer's scarecrow in a wheat field plac'd:  
Thus doth misconduct bring the richest down,  
And clothe with rags the poacher and the clown.

"Ducando was a man of careful heart,  
He seldom paid a sixpence for his quart;  
To sip the smuggled drops was his delight—  
With such a group he spent the jovial night.  
The keeper of the neighbouring squire was there,  
Enjoy'd the sport, and down'd all his care.

"Inspir'd by drink, who can be silent long?  
The poachers could not, but began their song:—

## SONG.

Come all ye brethren of the night,  
Who range the mountain, wood, and vale,  
And in the moonshine chase delight,  
May our true friendship never fail!  
Then drink around,  
Your cares confound,  
Ye champions of the wire;  
The field—the moor,  
Will we range o'er,  
Nor care for lord nor squire.

The parliament, such youths as we  
With laws may strive to bind;  
But they as soon in cords might tie  
The lightnings or the wind!

By Cynthia's beams,  
We cross the streams,  
To fetch the game away;  
Then here we rest,  
With bumpers blest,  
And banish fears away.

So long as planets rise and set,  
Or tim'rous hares can run,  
The poacher true will hang his net,  
And level sure his gun;

The high park wall,  
Spring guns and all,  
And keepers strong with beer,  
We value not,  
Nor shun the spot,  
If hares are frisking there.

The lord upon the hunting day  
Such pleasures never knew,  
When echo bore the sounds away—  
The hounds—the fox in view;

As when the hares  
Are caught in pairs,  
Upon the glitt'ring frost!  
Should we be fin'd,  
What need we mind,  
Since others pay the cost?

We stop not at the rivers deep,  
The frost or winter's snow;  
The lazy keepers soundly sleep,  
When tempests wildly blow.

Of rain and hail,  
Let Jove's great pall  
Be emptied from on high;  
The darker night,  
The more delight,  
And greater numbers die!"

In the midst of their conviviality four armed keepers burst in upon them. Desparo and Ignotus force their way out. Some of their companions are less fortunate. The brutalising tendency of a poacher's life, and the misery consequent upon it follow:—

"With sorrows worn, and ebbing fast her life:  
Unhelp'd, unheeded, lay the poacher's wife.  
He spent his days in revelry and mirth;  
While she, too weak to give her infant birth,  
Overcome with grief, and of her suffering tir'd,  
Neglected, starv'd, and pitiless, expir'd!  
No husband there, her fading eyes to close—  
Confess his guilt, tho' author of her woes.  
When he was told the period of her pain,  
He smil'd, and had the tankard fill'd again;  
Untouch'd with sorrow, anguish, or remorse,  
One tear he never dropp'd upon her corse.  
He left his home the two succeeding nights,  
To make expenses for the funeral rites.  
His starving children o'er their mother mourn'd—  
A neighbouring peasant o'er the infant yearn'd,  
In pity took and nurs'd it as her own—  
And sure such deeds are worthy of renown.  
Loos'd from his wife, with whom he jarring liv'd,

His children bread thro' charity receiv'd.  
One night he spent where lies fain'd Robin Hood,  
The next where Harewood's ancient castle stood;  
The beauteous vale of Wharfe he wander'd o'er—  
Expecting wealth, but still was always poor.  
What he in dangers got at taverns went,  
Or in rich treats was on his comrades spent.  
Read this, ye rich—who stolen game receive,  
And think how wretchedly the poachers live;  
Far from your feasts prohibit lawless game.  
Caught in disgrace—and purchas'd with shame!"

Every poacher ought to read the following address:—

"Ye rustic plunderers, who sport by night,  
And fearlessly invade another's right,  
Cold winds and storms your frame will soon impair,  
Your robust limbs will soon in sickness wear;  
Tho' firm your sinews as the hardest steel,  
Your constitutions must your follies feel:  
The sport, the bowl, the glass, the cheery quart,  
Soon, soon will fail to animate the heart.  
Ye who purloin by night the harmless game,  
Ere youth is past old age shall rack your frame,  
No days well spent can you look back to vie,  
At last convinc'd this axiom is true—  
If injur'd lords no punish ment prepar'd,  
Drinking and poaching bring their own reward."

The termination of the miserable career of Ignotus, "Prince of Poachers" is thus told:—

"On lost Ignotus' fate a moment gaze,  
Who in his cups oft gain'd the drunkard's praise;  
He swiftly basted with his pilfer'd load  
The bridge to shun and oft-frequented road.  
Beneath a sheet of ice the river slept,  
Half o'er its course the thoughtless poacher stepp'd,  
Around his feet the yielding chrysal bends,  
And, dreadful! in a spreading circle rends.  
He heard—he trembled—but it was too late,  
The ice gave way, and lock'd him up with fate.  
Till morning came his faithful lurcher stopp'd—  
Howl'd near the chasm thro' which his master dropp'd.

His frantic children view'd the fatal cleft,  
Tho' injur'd—their affection still was left;  
Their grief—their woe—can never be express'd—  
Imagination must depict the rest.  
His corse, though sought was never brought to land,  
But somewhere lies deep shrouded in the sand.  
His neighbours wept not, tho' he ne'er return'd,  
And for his loss his children only mourn'd."

## CHEAP SHOPS AND THE GREAT SHOPLIFTING QUESTION.

The public have been almost nauseated with letters and essays on the subject of a late charge of shoplifting. To a jury it appeared that the accused was innocent, or at least that a doubt was in the way of conviction, and of that they not improperly gave her the benefit.

That a lady would steal an article of small value, it has been argued, was highly improbable. To this those who prosecuted replied with Alice in the Castle Spectre—"I never said it was possible; I only said it was true." Numerous cases are on record, in which persons far removed from poverty have been addicted to stealing. It has been represented as a weakness or a disease, not to be conquered, and their friends have warned those they visited, of their awkward propensity, which the pa-



tient has been allowed to gratify unseen. Old Farquhar, when worth more than half a million was in the habit of purloining meat wherever he was asked to dinner, and to carry away part of the meal in his pocket.

A correspondent of *The Times*, in the course of the last month, has given a curious narrative of the case of a lady who could not keep her hand from "picking and stealing." It runs thus:—

"A lady came into a silk warehouse in the city with which I was then connected, by making use of the name of a customer as an introduction, and asked to see some silk shawls. Having no suspicion from her appearance and manners that she could be a thief (I think it best to call things by their right names), the young man who served her placed before her a large variety; she gave him much trouble, and finally left without buying. Scarcely had she quitted the warehouse when he missed several shawls of a peculiar pattern, and, being sent after the lady, requested her to return, to which she consented with evidently very suspicious reluctance. One of the principals of the house then charged her with taking these shawls, and, as you may suppose, she affected great surprise and indignation at the imputation. However, the young man being positive as to the fact, she was requested to permit herself to be searched in a private room by one of the female servants of the establishment, or otherwise, she was told, she must submit to be placed in the hands of the police. She chose the milder alternative, and after various attempts to conceal the stolen property, by removing it from one side to the other under her clothes during the examination, it was found, and she no longer denied her guilt. Being asked her name, she gave it without any further attempt at evasion, and to our great surprise we found that she was the lady of one of the most eminent and benevolent physicians of the day. Her husband being then sent for promptly attended, and was much affected by the humiliating situation of his wife. Upon his representation that she must be to a certain extent insane, as she had a handsome income and establishment of her own, which placed her beyond the reach of temptation, we were willing to believe that she was not a responsible agent, and permitted her to drive off in her carriage without further trouble to herself and her worthy, but distressed partner in life."

In connection with the same case, which has given rise to so much discussion, another still more curious has been published. The facts occurred in the time of Mr. Justice Buller:—

"A lady of highly respectable family and station, resident for the season at Bath, entered the shop of one of the most consider-

able drapers of that city, and purchased some trifling articles. She also asked to see some pieces of expensive lace. Some were shown to her; and, while apparently examining the quality of different pieces, she was seen by one of the assistants at another counter to abstract and secrete one of the cards. She was allowed to leave the shop; was instantly followed; stopped, brought back, and the card of lace found upon her. A constable was sent for; and the lady was given into his charge. Upon being brought before the magistrate, the charge was investigated, and the proof being deemed sufficiently strong to warrant a committal, the accused was committed for trial; the prosecutor and the witnesses were bound over to appear and give evidence at the next assizes. Various efforts were made to induce the shopkeeper to forego the prosecution; but he resisted every inducement. He had prosecuted others whose poverty was the prompter of their offences; and he would not screen one who had no such temptation to dishonesty. The assizes approached; and public excitement ran high at the prospect of the lady-thief being arraigned at the bar of a public tribunal. Some time before the assizes a lady of apparently high respectability entered the shop of the prosecutor, and made several trifling purchases. Among other articles she bought some lace. The articles were packed up and paid for; and the lady was preparing to depart. Taking up her muff—for she had a muff—and placing her hands in it, she with apparent consternation drew forth a card of lace! Her indignation knew no bounds. She would not be satisfied until she had called the attention of every person in the shop to the fact that a card of lace had been placed in her muff by some one. The card bore the private mark of the shopkeeper, it was admitted; it was also admitted that she had not purchased it; but as to how it came in the lady's muff that was a mystery which no one would undertake to solve. The trial of the lady who stood committed on the charge of stealing a card of lace from the same shop, came on at the assizes, and the evidence in support of the charge was adduced. The lady in whose muff the card of lace was so mysteriously found was, of course, produced as a witness on behalf of the accused lady. The prosecutor and his shopmen were also cross-examined as to the circumstance of the card of lace which was discovered in the lady's muff, and were compelled to admit the fact. Fortified by such presumptive evidence, the jury easily assumed that the card of lace which the lady at the bar stood charged with stealing, had been surreptitiously introduced into her muff by one of the shopmen—for it was not proved that such a case had

since occurred in the same shop? The lady was at once acquitted; and retired from the court amid the sympathies of friends, and plaudits of the audience—for she was fashionable withal.

The shopkeeper was extensively injured; for few take the trouble to reflect upon and compare facts. He dismissed the shopman who served the second lady, and who very strangely, happened to be the same who had served the lady whom he prosecuted. But the discharged shopman managed to find the means of setting up in business. There were, however, those who asserted that the whole of the second transaction was adroitly planned as a *dernier ressort*, to obtain the acquittal of a lady-thief. And among these uncharitable persons was Mr. Justice Buller, who tried the case."

These letters are written by persons who make themselves known to the conductors of the publications in which they appear, to prove that they are not tricksters, who would deceive. But another communication on the subject has been made of a very different character, to the same journal. In this it is represented that a lady was taxed with stealing property. Two persons swore to the fact. Her character, her high respectability, were unquestionable; and till that moment, had never been impeached. Still it was the opinion of the legal adviser of the family, that as those who had in the first instance given false evidence against her would, in all probability do the same on the trial; and, as under the circumstances, she could not bring evidence to oppose them, a verdict must go against her, and therefore she was prevailed upon to submit to such terms as she could obtain, as the condition on which the prosecutor was content not to appear against her, and leave the stigma cast upon her character unrefuted.

The letter just described, sent like the former, with the name of the writer, may be regarded as equally entitled to credit; and the editor, when giving it to his readers, connected with it a statement that such practices were not uncommon in cheap shops.

In what a state of society do we live if this can be true! Can it be possible, that a set of wretches infest our metropolis, who professing to offer bargains, find the means of doing so by accusing of dishonesty, and extorting money, from those who go to buy them! If this be true, no vice of the age, ever yet exposed, so richly deserve to be laid bare. We have heard of a fellow in the Lowther Arcade, who has sometimes mulcted respectable females by accusing them instantly of offering bad money, and talking of sending for an officer; but that fraud, like that observed, should ever be brought to such shocking perfection, few

could imagine, or even now believe. Those who have hazarded the assertion would do well to support it by proofs. If cheap shops are thus upheld, the sooner the public make war upon them the better.

### The Gatherer.

*The Poet Heine* has just come into a fortune of half a million of francs, left him by his uncle, the rich merchant of Hamburg. The merchant till about to die could never forgive his nephew for turning poet or Christian. By his will he directed that his funeral should take place at day-break, without pomp and no ceremony over the grave. Not fewer than 10,000 persons, however, attended his remains to their last resting place. His will was verified on the 2nd instant; it contained a brief sketch of his career, and annulled all small debts.

*The Peasant, Policeman, and Peer.*—James Tracy, the policeman, who has recently been elevated to the peerage, was born in Geashill, a small village in the King's County, Ireland. He is the eldest of a large family. When a boy he was noticed by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who took him into his house, where he acquitted himself so much to the gentleman's satisfaction that he bestowed on him a liberal education, and procured him a situation in a counting-house. He subsequently married a lady with a fortune of about £2000. He then embarked in the wine and spirit business, and for some years had an establishment on Summerhill, Dublin. He did not forget his parents' humble roof, and his brothers were appointed to minor offices in his establishment. His long-pending case in the Lords, however, drained his purse, and we next find him exercising the functions of a policeman in Liverpool. This might be said to be a "step from the sublime to the ridiculous," but, lo! again the scene is changed, and we behold him a peer of the realm! possessing a fine, portly frame, that would not disgrace a monarch, added to a good and generous disposition, and an extensive knowledge of human nature.—*Bristol Mercury*.

*Mr. George Woodfall*, the son of "Junius Woodfall," died on Sunday, December the 22nd, at his house in Dean's Yard, Westminster, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was a man of high and liberal principles, with a warm heart and clear head, and was greatly and deservedly respected. He inherited the private letters which Junius addressed to his father, and which he published in the editions of 1813-14.

LONDON: Printed and Published by ALIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock street, Covent garden, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.